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"ZIITA KII"

OWEN E. LONGBORE

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“ZIITA KII”

OR

SONGS FROM SILENCE,

BY

✓
OWEN E. LONGSDORF.



WILLIAMSPORT, PA. :
SCHOLL BROTHERS, STEAM PRINTERS.
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PREFACE.

Dear reader, if there is anywhere in all the wide universe a place more delightful than the dim Region of Dreams, I know it not. Its rosy mountains and hazy valleys ; Its white cities, its whispering groves and bubbling waters ; Its vapory personages and sacred associations—everything to delight the eye, please the ear and feast the imagination.

Do you ever revel among those purple valleys, where cooling zephyrs ceaselessly sing to the sweet flowers? If you do, then can you understand why it is I go there so often—why it is I would always abide there.

Here let me sing you a few songs that I gleaned from the mystic personages who dwell in the soft lights of that delectable region ;—but they are dreams and I wish not to be misunderstood.

I do not assume them to be essays in science, nor philosophy, nor are they gems of poetry. They are what they are—thoughts that came floating to me from the misty Realms of Dreams and were written down, prefaced with a short tale and published. Such is the whole history of this little book.

Brother dreamers, I bid you welcome to the first fruits of my solitary revels.

O. E. L.

Williamsport, Pa., June, 1885.

"He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief."—Herbert Spencer.

THE TALE.

In the summer of 1884, I had business call me for some months to our sister state Ohio. I was stopping in a small town along the great river, some few miles below Marietta, where I had rented two rooms, well furnished and alone, over a store in the business quarters. Here it was this strange experience befell me of which I am about to write.

I have no habits whereby I can account for this, as I never use liquors of any kind, nor tobacco; neither do I know the taste of opium, morphine or absinthe, and I never walk in my sleep. I am by no means a dreamer either, but am extremely practical; and, above all, as I have never had time nor the inclination to read much, I would be incapable of composing this.

Now, concerning these so-called "Mound Builders," I never before knew nor cared to know anything about them.

It was Tuesday, the fifth day of August, 1884. Having been out of town on business, I passed the night in returning home. I never could sleep on the train, so, when I reached my rooms I was very tired and not feeling very well. My matters were not satisfactory either, and I was somewhat out of humor.—These things I tell you so you may know in what frame of mind I was.

Well, thinking I should sleep better if I took my breakfast, I went out to the restaurant—carelessly leaving my door unlocked as usual. If I remember rightly, I ate nothing more than an egg, a little bread and drank a glass of milk,

as I never touch coffee nor tea. When I returned I found a small package on my table and this note:

DEAR HAROLD:—

Yesterday we opened one of the ancient mounds on my farm. Among other relics of the ancient Mound Builders we found this small statue or idol I here send you. Please to accept it as a memento of your visit to our state.

From your father's friend,

ERIC VON STEIN.

As I said before, I am very practical and the odd or antique never have had much charm for me. But, of course, I was pleased to know that Mr. Von Stein so kindly remembered the son of his old college chum, and I intended to call some time during the day to thank him.

I untied the package and found therein a small statue—the figure of a man seated upon a ball, a graceful and loose flowing robe over his shoulders; his head bent a little forward, apparently engaged in reading from the open book upon his knees. The whole was not over six inches high, and was cut from a hard pink and white tinted stone. It was beautiful in proportion and finish, and, I thought it would be a very acceptable gift to sister Cora, who, from a child had had a mania for ancient things.

I placed it upon my table. As I passed across the room, I looked in a tall mirror and there saw the reflection of the idol or statue, and it appeared as if covered with a thin gauze veil. I turned around—what do you think I saw? A beautiful halo of purple and golden light encircling its *now lifted head!*

Remember I am not in the least given to superstition, but I *did* see these things though I never can hope to account for them. However, I was not in the slightest degree frightened, but was filled with astonishment and a prying curiosity.

I drew my chair before the table and watched the image, thinking, perhaps my friend had prepared some good joke, and was somewhere near to enjoy it. I was soon undeceived. It raised its eyes and fastened them upon mine—in a moment those glittering orbs held me as if in a trance. I became dizzy, and a great cloud of purple and black played over the statue and hid it all but its sinister eyes. Then I became free, careless, unconscious to everything but the feeling that some awful power held me in a terrible bondage!

That was on Tuesday morning. When I awakened or regained consciousness it was Thursday evening. On my table lay a pile of manuscript in my own hand writing; a note folded and addressed to me, also in my own hand, and a pile of pink and white dust where had stood the statue.

I opened the note and read:

"I, Zhangkiita Ghaki,* of royal lineage and high priest at the temple Colzha in the city of Iidelya, in the vale of Pothii in the land of Tchakapan, served the Lord of All from childhood. I it is whose will has kept the atoms of this image from disintegration; I it is whose will holds thee under my control and causes thee to write what I shall dictate, or shall read from Ziita Kii the book of songs I hold upon my knees. But know you, not from malice do I bind thy will to my influence, but from that great love I have for all my fellow men! You are of a race that in my day I never knew; but there was a prophesy among my people that some day—some time we should become no more upon the face of the earth; our country should become desolate, and they who come after us know naught of refinement, morality or enlightenment; our cities and temples and palaces crumble away and return to the dust; but from the mystic lands beyond the rolling Zenwabacco should come the seeds of a new race. It has been! Glory be ever

* In the names in this book, double "i" must be pronounced as long "e"—as Ziita Kii, pronounced Zeeta Kee.

to Thee, O Thou Soul in whose eye are the destinies of nations!

Here copy from the book "On Kopha,"—'tis a prophesy of one Inmiitha, a good man and a Seer, who lived six hundred years before my vision saw the light of day.

"And nations are as men,— are born, and rise,
And live until their vital forces fail
With age or over much indulgence; then
They die and pass to dark oblivion;
And other nations who may know them not
Arise and live, then too pass from the earth.
O you who dwell in fair Azcocapan,
Beware lest you be wasting vital force
And this which I have dreamed shall come to pass :
I dreamed I saw this mighty land as from
A mountain. From her heart came one whose face
Was sad, and who went teaching truth and love.
And I beheld the nations cast their gods
Of massy gold and silver in the pot,
And mould them into coins, to pay the priests
Who served the God this sad faced prophet taught.
But soon my dream was changed, and men were weak
And fallen into vice and foolishness;
So, of the nations in Azcocapan
Were all but one gone down the silent past;
And this,—Othteca, moved before a horde
Of naked savages, and found retreat
Upon the plains of Methiicoco in
The distant lands beneath the southern sun.
And I beheld your cities and your works
Go crumbling into dust, and nought remained
But here and there a mound to tell your tale,
So ages chased each other from the scene
Until, from out the east a new race came

And conquered back to culture once again
This savage land, and made a country where
The people grew to wondrous intellect.

And I, Inmiitha, had another dream
Wherein I saw this new race pass through woes
And wars and civil strife, but in the end
Came holy peace and reason. Then the mind
Was raised and truly throned above all else;
And nature's secrets were made known to light
And true religion entered in the world.
And men had learned the laws that govern soul—
So death had terrors for them never more;
And mind communicated with the mind
Of whom it would, and all the world was bound
Into a common family and tongue."

That prophesy is almost all fulfilled. This which I shall now cause thee to write, is the Ziita Kii or book of Sacred Songs, wherein are found the teachings of our lord Ahmiina, who was born but eighty years after the awful earthquake convulsed the world, and sank Ata Thontii forever under the briny billows of the Zenwabacco.

And now, write and give unto the world this which I have given unto thee; and, in the realm of shades where thou shalt come after thy body dieth, there will I meet thee and show thee many beautiful things to delight the eye, and tell thee many things to please the ear."

I was bewildered—what could it all mean? Hastily putting on my hat, I gathered up the manuscript and note and hurried down the town to Mr. Van Steins. He was at home. I told him all that I knew of the facts and showed him the papers. I need not say that shortly he too was very much excited. After some consideration he bade me

give the MSS. to the publishers—he being very rich would pay all my expenses, I have done so.

My friend, although I cannot fathom the mystery, I have told you the plain truth in regard to the source of this book—here it is, open it and read.

THE
HISTORY OF AHMIINA.

*The history of him—the Holy Man
Ahmiina, written by himself before
He passed into the realm of shades.
Who triumphed over sin and selfishness
And sacrificed himself and his desires ;
Who purified his soul in solitude
And contemplation, so he might indeed
Become a teacher to his fellow men.
The manuscript from which this copy came
Is to be seen among the sacred things
Within the holy temple Kwatzico
Which overlooks the lake Okiini near
The sacred city of Oahlii. Here
Our lord was born, and here his ashes rest
Within a box of gold incrustated with
A wealth of jewels priceless and most rare.*

Where glints the waters of the lake
Okiini, in the Holy Vale
Of Tchintiipec—there was I born.
Oahlii, holiest of all
The cities in Azcöcapan,
Where stands the grandest temple man
Has ever built. It's granite walls,
Its twenty gilded towers point
Their golden fingers to the sky ;
Its inner walls of massy gold

And silver, porphyry and glass,
Made like a cavern hanging full
Of stalactites. And all about
That holy place a silence, awe
And mystic presence sat. And, too,
In that most holy temple, dwelt
Among the solemn lights, the soul
And golden figure of the god
Hozolla; and, at each new moon
His spirit left the idol and
Was seen to mingle in the halls
Among the worshipers. Yes, oft
While serving at his altar, I
Have seen his shadow pass from out
The precious statue and ascend,
And smiling hang above the lake
Until the crescent hid behind
The Cocal Allii mountain peaks;
And then, returning silently
To his abode within the breast
Of his rich statue, from its eyes
Of opal looked he forth until
Another crescent moon was born.

O what a sacred place was that
To me who loved the awful and
Sublime; on whom the earthquake shock
Or cyclone never wrought a fear,
But ever came as something from
The Soul behind the visible!

In fair Oahlii's granite walls
Was I, Ophii Ahmiina born.
My father,—Ophii Tarnah, one,
A wealthy merchant who was known
O'er all this land Azcocapan,

Whose mighty caravans had gone
Beyond the Alla Gawii range
Of mountains, to the distant lands
Along the Zenwabacco sea
From which the morning sun is born ;
And westward, o'er the prairies, o'er
The Cocal Allii mountains, rich
In precious metals and in views,
To where the Ilmanocco beats
Upon Azcoca's western shore.

The tales his agents used to tell
Of these strange mountains, lands and seas,
Were food for fancy, and my young
Imagination soon unrolled
And I became a dreaming man.
This happy life was soon to pass—
Ere I was seven years of age
The demon of the yellow plague—
Traa Cyah, came from out the south
And smote the dwellers of our land.
Alas ! ere winter brought her frost
To help us beat the demon from
The earth, I was an orphan ; and
As was the way in those dark times,
My lot was cast among the slaves
Who knew no parents and no kin,
And all my father's property
Reverted to the royal store.
So was I sold and bought, and sold
As though I neither felt nor thought ;
And yet, must I remember that
My languages that serve me now
So well, I would have never known.
But, being with the common men
I learned the common, vulgar tongues.

In many lands have I abode :—
In Yia, Tolta, Chiia, Zyng,
Popola, Othtepan, and Ghu ;
Ohtteca, Iivoh, Woolh and Psaih ;
Almoola, Ashti, Buhr and Zhii,
And many cities, which to name
Were useless and of little good.

O, you who read, if you indulge
In day dreams and a happy world
Of unreality you build
Around you, and in that abide
And hate to come in the cold world
Where things are practical and stern,
Then can you feel with me whose life
Was burdened with a ceaseless toil,
And knew and felt myself a slave.

At last, when thirteen years of age
I found myself again at home—
At home ? Ah, no ! but in the place,—
Oahlî by Okiini's breast
Where I was born, and where I spent
My happy days of infancy
The son of one, the wealthiest
In all the realm, except the king.
And now had I returned—a slave !
Away from home for six short years
And then return—a slave—a slave !
O what a life was that to me
By nature keen and sensitive ;
And every time I sought for death
Some cruel hand would stay my deed.

But, once I wandered to the lake
When all the world was sleeping 'neath

A starry sky, and when I came,
I would have found eternal peace
Beneath Okiini's glassy waves ;
But, ere I sank the second time,
Tanto—an aged priest and wise
I hope I never shall forget !—
He, musing in the silence, saw
Me spring and heard my splash, and from
The lake he took me to his cell
Within that solemn temple, and
When morning came he paid my price
And told me I was free. I loved
That bearded face with all the love
A poor, unhappy child could give !
Then, weeping as I kissed his hand
And thanked him for his good to me,—
About to take my leave— he bent
And caught me in his arms, and pressed
Me to his heart with kisses, and
He told me how he loved me. O,
I need not tell the happy years
I served Hozolla, so to be
Continually in the sight
And presence of that holy man ;
Nor that he taught me all the lore
And sacred stories of the times
When men knew naught of sin
And sadness. And the sciences
Of plants and flowers, rocks and hills ;
Of life and death ;—the sciences
Of mind and matter, soul and flesh ;
The motions of the stars and suns
That all the endless ethers fill
And are the atoms of the form
Of one—the holy, Perfect All ;
And other things of moment and

Of passtime he had told me. But,
One morning, going to his cell
I found him silent, cold and dead,
But on his face the smile of peace
That never left him e'en in death.

I need not tell you of the days
And weary nights I passed before
The golden image of the god ;
And, though I would deceive myself,
I found no consolation there.
And then, Traa Cyah came again—
The demon of the yellow plague,
And with him, famine gaunt and bare.
O, how they revelled in that realm!
And Death and Hate, Despair and fear—
Ran riot in that sacred realm !

We priests then closed the temple doors
To keep the frantic populace
From out the holy place, and then
We clung around the golden god.
And yet, Contagion spared us not,
But, one by one, when stricken, crawled
Away among the solemn shades,
So dying they would not offend
The sight of him whose soul abode
Within the golden idol, and
Who watched us from his opal eyes.

At last, from those four hundred priests
I, even I—Ahmiina, I
Alone remained alive to keep
The sacred fire burning bright!
And those three hundred ninety-nine
In that great cavernous abode
Of gods, lay dead polluting those

Most sacred, consecrated halls,
I left the golden image when
The night was falling, and the moon
Just new looked in the lattice work
Upon the roof, as though she called
Hozolla from his golden form.
I watched him ; but the crescent sank
Behind the Cocal Allii peaks,
And still his spirit tarried in
The idol. Then suspicion came,
And I began to think that all
Was but the product of a trick,
And so I left to search for food.
Alas ! I found naught there to eat
Or drink ; and O, my horrible thirst,
And hunger gnawing like a wolf !
I rose, and climbed a tower, where
I sat and looked about upon
The holy city—all was still,
No sound nor token of a life.
But O, the awful sight my eyes
Beheld below me in the streets :
The pavements, streets and doorsteps far
As eye could see, lay full of dead
And festering forms—but all was still :
The morning sun looked down upon
A city silent as a tomb !

Then I descended, faint and weak,
Into the vaulted hall where sat
The golden idol of the god ;
And lifting up my voice, I called,
In hope there might be one to hear
And help me open the ponderous doors
That shut me in this sacred jail,
And in this fetid atmosphere.

I called in vain, no answer came—
The echoes only ha-haed back
And mocked. And then I realized
I stood within a temple, in
A city of unburied dead!

Ah, soon the night came creeping on,
And with it came a beating storm
Of wind and rain; and all the sky
Illumined by the vivid glare
Of lightning seemed a pit of fire.
And O! the echoes of the voice
Of thunder in the hollow hall
Near deafened me.—I knelt before
The great Hozolla and I prayed—
O you who read, if you have known
The deepest anguish man can feel,
Then can you sympathize with me
Who waited, knowing death was nigh,
But yet—who longed so much to live!

O how I grovelled on the floor
Before that lifeless god of gold;
And how I prayed until the sweat
Rolled from me in a stream, and blood
Fell also from my brow upon
The jewelled pavement at the throne!
You ask me: "did Hozalla hear
And give me comfort in my woe?"
O brother, I must answer—no!
I must tell you, how, doubtful of
The power of Hozolla whom
I once adored, I filled with hate
And mad resentment, so I turned
And smote the golden idol twice

Upon the breast, and blasphemed, till
I thought I saw him frown from out
His opal eyes;—and then, in fear
And trembling lest he should resent
The mad dishonor to him, there
I fell upon my face and swooned.
I knew no more until the night
Was gone and rosey morn was born.
Upon the mighty doors of brass
And gold, I heard the sound of blows;
And all about the temple surged
A sea of men and women, drunk
With indignation at the god
Who called for prayer and offerings,
And gold, but gave no good return,
Nor ever saved them from the plague.

At last the massy doors fell in,
And I, who hid among the folds
Of crimson tapestry behind
The god,—beheld the angry crowd
Come, rushing in the presence, wild
And full of blasphemy and hate.
They pulled the holy statue down
From out the ruby throne upon
The jewelled floor, where they reviled
And broke it in their furious hate;
But when the night had come again
I slipped away, and rested not
Till I had left the city far,

No, this to you is nothing but
A tale unpleasant; and we all
Imagine that we have enough
Of troubles of our own, and want
No other's heaped upon our hearts!

But, if I tell you not the state
In which I grew to manhood, then
You can not understand the wants
That drove me from the midst of men
To look for solitude, and rest.

*So the holy man has written
Of his life from birth to manhood.
O ! the sorrows, pains and troubles
He has met and conquered bravely.
He who knows no dissappointments,
Sorrows, losses, pains or troubles,
Can not sympathize for others :
He alone holds perfect manhood
Who has risen from affliction.
So, O brother, good Ahmiina—
He who passed through sin and sorrow,
He is able to advise you.
Read now, how he was a skeptic
In a lonely cavern dwelling ;
But his spirit, still persisting
He should know the Holy Being
Who is All and Soul of all things,
Never ceased to reason with him
Till he found the Holy Heart.
Read !—for here is what he wrote us
For a light to lead us upward
To the realms of truth and knowledge.*

Away where Nonno's waters wash
Along the Cocal Alii's feet,
Ere winding through the level plains
To pour his tribute in the lap
Of Minta Siiva—mighty queen
Of all the rivers in the land ;
Away there in the mountain wilds
I dwelt,—a cavern for my home.
And there I lived and pondered on
The worth and source of life ; the end—
If end there be, to all ; and in
My heart a thousand questions sprang
For answer. Twenty years had come
And gone since I this lonely cave
Had made my home, before my soul
Had learned a lesson of pure truth :
Alas!—too much depended I
Upon the sacred books and tales
O holy writing ; and my mind
Was never free, and reason dared
Not yet assert her right to rule.
Ah, twenty years ! and long, long years
So full of change—my beard, all white
With sorrow and old age, hung low
Upon my breast. O, all my days
Were contemplation, and my nights
Were longings after truth and love.

But once, when all the world was still
Except my weary heart, I went
And sat myself beneath a pine
Whose needles, smiling to the moon,
Kept whispering and whispering—
O what ?—Ah, what, I could not hear.
Then I arose, and climbing down
The rocky bank, I stood beside

The rolling Nonno—everything
But me that night seemed full of joy :
The river rippled laughingly
Along his rushy banks ; the reeds
Were nodding to the laughing grass ;
And over all the silver moon
Down looking poured her flood of light.
But I, from prayer and fasting, weak
Fell fainting on my face among
The grasses on the river bank.

When I revived I heard a sound
As of a thousand whisperings—
I listened—'twas a voice of praise
From out a million tiny throats ;
But yet I could not understand.
I raised my head above the grass
And lo, I heard no more the song
Or chant of praise and happiness.
So down I lay my head once more
Among the reeds and grasses there,
And lo, I heard the chant again !
And then, unto my waiting soul
A deeper understanding came ;
So, listening it did comprehend
And to my reason could translate
The chant the reeds and grasses sang.
So did I find that happiness
The pine tree needles knew with all
The sinless things of dust, what I
These weary years had sought
And sought, and yet had never found
Until, I, falling in the dust,
The knowledge of the dust had found—
That knowledge I had sought in vain
Among the sacred books of men.
Then all my soul was glad—for all

My hopes returned. And down beside
A pine whose needles sighed in song,
I threw myself, and in the grass
I buried all my face and mind.

O brother ! anguish keen and sharp
Had been my lot from birth. But now
No more I doubt the Holy One
Whose word is found in all—in all !
That voice of love spake through the grass
And through the running river ;— all
The wide creation sounds that voice !
O here I write the truth I heard
Through nature from the Holy Soul ;
But more I heard I did not know
The meaning of—for, who is pure
And wise enough to comprehend
The workings of the Mighty Heart ?

And now, before I cease to write,
I ask, that, after I am gone
To that invisible abode
Where all my fathers shades abide,
Will Tchina Kiida,—whom I love,
The son of Tchina Arnin prince
Of Chiia,—will he take the task
Of publishing my manuscript,
So all my followers may know
The faith, and have my history ?
For he, of all my friends, has held
The deepest place within my heart ;
And he was first to dare renounce
The false idolatry, and come
As my disciple and my friend.

And now, to thee dear Kiida, yet
One word before I lay away

My pen :—My pilgrimage began
With thorns and tears and many ills,
Among a pagan race, and one
Whose morals and enlightenment—
Alas ! were lax and of poor quality.
But look about thee at the change :
Not thirty years have flown away
Since I began to teach the faith,
Yet now, o'er all Azcocapan,—
From Ilmanocco on the west
To Zenwabacco on the east ;
And from the great lakes on the north
To Methiicoco and the sea
Toltoloc in the golden south,
Is scarce a town or city but
Has heard the faith. My Kiida, you
Must now become the guide,—and lead,
O lead my brethren forth to truth
And justice, love and purity !
And I shall watch thee from the realms
Beyond this seeming solid world.—
Farewell,—in peace and love, farewell !

*. So ends the history of one who met
The troubles of a troubled world, and turned
Them so they worked to his advantage.*

*Now my brother, let me tell
How Ahmiina walked the earth ;
How he suffered hunger, thirst,
To alleviate the pains
And the dusk of ignorance
In his evil fellow men.
O the good that he has done ;
O the sorrow he has cured ;
O the pain that he has stopped ;
O the tears that he has dried ;
As he wandered up and down
Through this wide Azcocapan !
Let the weary ashes rest,
In his jeweled urn of gold !
Let his name forever ring
With the praise of multitudes !
For he brought us peace and rest,
Love and light and holiness !*

*Let me copy for your pleasure—
For your pleasure and your learning,
All the truth he heard from Spirit
Singing through the tongues of nature.
Hear the chant the grasses chanted
When he fainted by the river—
By the rolling river Nonno.
Not his mortal ears that heard it
But his spirit ears and reason !
Hear the chant the grasses chanted
When he fainted by the river—
By the rolling river Nonno.*

“Listen, listen lonely mortal,
Bending down your new attention—
We the humble grasses 'round you,
We have seen you all these long years

Bend before your cave in weeping.
We have rustled when you passed us,—
We have called for your attention—
All in vain—in vain we called you,
For your mind and soul and longings
Ever supplicated Silence—
But the Silence cannot speak !

Lonely brother, lonely brother,
Hear us happy grasses singing
Of the love that never dieth ;
Of the hopes that stir within us ;
Of the life that soon must leave us—
But will fill a higher being
With the life and soul and selfhood
Of the Mighty Soul of All.

Listen ! you whose ear is bending
Here among us chanting grass blades ;
You, who longed and languished vainly
For the Holy Heart and Real ;
You, who looked to books and fables
For the voice of the Almighty ;—
Come ! O come, and we will tell you
How to seek Him—how to find him.

When you want the rolling river
Winding through the verdant valleys,
Do you seek the painter's canvass—
Do you seek the works of art ?
When your heart is sad and broken
And you lack the light of love,
Do you seek the poet's volume
Filled with songs of pain and pleasure ?
When you wish to hold communion

With the Holy Heart of All,
Should you seek the priestly story
Or the tales of tardy tongues ?

O no ! brother—O no ! brother—
He who fills the All forever ;
He from whom all things are taken ;
He in whom all things have being,—
He is in you and around you—
In all things and all things of Him !
He should not be sought in fables
Nor in prayer nor supplication.
Would you seek Him—would you know Him ?
Learn His tongue :—the voice of nature !
Never uses He a language
Like the sons of men are using,
But He speaks forever—ever
In His laws and works and silence.
They whose hearts and eyes are open
To th' influences of nature,
If their souls and minds are holy
And unselfish and unbiased,
Can not help but see the working
Of a pure and perfect plan.
All must needs look cold and cruel
To the eye that scans the surface ;
But, to him who deep examines
All works to a perfect plan.

O Ahmiina—O Ahmiina
Hearken to the Holy Heart :
He will speak if you will listen
For He loves you—ah, He loves you !”

*So the happy grasses sang
To Ahmiina's spirit ears;
And his spirit,—filled with joy,
Then interpreted the chant
To his intellect and mind.
So the happy grasses sang
To Ahmiina's spirit ears;
When he fainted by the river—
By the rolling river Nonno.*

*O, the rapture then that caught
Good Ahmiina's soul and self!
An exquisite sea of peace,
Crystal pure and bottomless
Where his troubles washed away!
When he fainted in the dust—
Lo, the dust had found a tongue;
And it told him in a chant
How to find the Holy Heart!*

*Now I bring the Book of Gold—
Ziita Kii the holy book,
Wherein are the sacred songs—
Songs from Silence, sung by Soul
Through the tongues of Nature.
Now I bring the Book of Gold—
Ziita Kii the holy book,
And before you open wide
All its pages. Look and read
What Ahmiina wrote for you—
May it lead you to the truth
And the holy Light of Lights!*

THE ZIITA KII.

DEDICATION.

The Ziita Kii or holy book, wherein
Are writ the teachings of the Holy Man
Ahmiina ; he, who triumphed over sin
And self, and in the end attained such peace
And purity that he might speak to God.
The Ziita Kii or Songs of Silence, which
Ahmiina heard within his soul and wrote
To lead his fellow men to love and light
And sweet communion with the Holy Soul
Who is indeed the All and Soul of All.

O you who read, if in your heart abides
A soul that longs for purity and peace,
I pray you, give attention to the thoughts
Here written,—seek to understand, and pause
Ere you accept as truth what here is wrote—
For, if it came not from the Holy Soul,
A sinless soul must feel it to be false.
But, if this teaching come from that One Soul
Who filleth all and in whom all abides,
A sinless soul must feel it to be truth,
And know it emanates from that Pure One—
The Perfect Soul and Essence of the All,

And now, O, Mighty Soul, I dedicate
To Thee this book whereby I seek to lead
My fellow men up to a purer love
And deeper knowledge of Thy boundless Heart.
O may they seek communion with Thy Soul,
And through Thy works, and through Thy laws
Behold Thy love and know Thee as Thou art.

THE ZIITA KII.

Would you seek for truth and knowledge,
Would you seek for light and reason
Pause and read, for here is wisdom.
To yourself there is addition ;
From yourself there is subtraction—
But the sum—the sum of all things
Never changes, never changes :
Ah, the sum of all is—God !

Life is but a great Progression—
'Tis addition, 'tis addition
And a conquest over trouble.
Death is but a Retrogression—
'Tis subtraction, 'tis subtraction :
A submission to the passions
And the low desires and feelings.
In yourself your fate is planted—
None can sink and none can raise you
If you be yourself your master.
O my brother—O my brother,
If you doubt me, pause and reason ;
But the words you hold before you—
They are wisdom—they are wisdom !
Let me tell you—let me tell you—
All is pure and all is holy ;
There is nothing that is evil
In itself or its intention—
All is to you what you make it.

I, Ahmiina, musing wandered
Through ravines and lonely canyons,
Where the Nonno's waters winding
Murmured hopeful of the sea ;
And my heart was full within me—
Filled with peace that knew no pain ;
For the silent soul within me
Knew the unseen Soul of All,

There I sat me on a boulder,
Torn from out the rocky walls
High above the limpid Nonno ;
And I musing watched the water
Rolling ever toward the sea ;
But my soul was in communion
With the Soul that filleth All.

O these mystic, unseen forces—
O what are they—O what are they ?
And the soul within me answered :
"This is Mind that ruleth all things—
Yea, the Mighty Mind of All !
All has sprung from Soul and Spirit,
Unto that it would return,
But the Sleepless Soul of Silence
Holds all bound to work His will !

Man is like the running river :
Passions are the mighty forces
That forever draw him downward
Till he lose his conscious selfhood
In the sea from which he sprang ;
But his pure desires and feelings
Are the sunbeams warm and golden—
They would make him purer, better—
They would raise him to the sky.

All is but a simple problem
If you care to understand it ;
'Tis addition and subtraction—
You may add or take away.
Sin and evil—these are nothing
But subtractions from your being ;
But a good thing—that is something
Added to your soul and selfhood.
If your passions be the stronger
Then be sure your soul is dying—
You are losing conscious being
In the Being of the All.
But, if pure and holy instincts
Be the rulers of your spirit,
Then be sure your soul is growing
To a higher, purer station
In the Being of the All !

Everything seeks for its level—
'Tis a universal law.
And I tell you—O, I tell you
Surely everything shall find it !”

*O my brother, O my brother
Now I write the Songs from Silence.
These are what the Spirit whispered
In the rustle of the grasses ;
In the rolling of the river ;
In the rising of the vapors
From the glassy river's ripples.
These are chants the sunbeams chanted
And the dancing sunshine sang me.
Over all the face of nature
There is written, there is written
Truth and light to lead us upward !*

*Now I write the Songs from Silence
That the Holy Spirit whispered
Through the motes that dance in sunshine ;
Through the rustle of the grasses ;
Through the rolling of the river ;
Through the motions of the planets ;
Through the songs of autumn insects ;
Through the blooming of the flower—
O, through all things I have heard them !
Not my mortal ears that heard them—
But the Voice sang to my spirit
Who interpreted the chants
To my intellect and reason !*

*Now I write, and Thou may'st judge me,
Holy Soul in silence dwelling ;
Guide my pen to write the truth !*

SONGS FROM SILENCE.

*"I am Soul, from whom all things proceed.
And ye can know Me not but through My works,
My laws,—and on them I have stamped My word!"*

*Cocal Allii's peaks were white
In a waning crescent's light,
And the autumn insects sang
On the prairie Tiivasaang.
I, Ahmriina, wandered down
To the Nonno's waters brown
Where I sat me down to weep
And a lonely vigil keep.
To my heart a longing came
Fierce and burning as a flame :
"O, Thou mighty Soul of All
Hear my weeping spirit call !
Whisper to my waiting soul
Where Thy peaceful waters roll—
Whisper to my waiting heart
Where to find Thee—where Thou art !"
And a whispered answer rose
Where the cooling zephyr blows
Through the reeds and rushes sear—
Whispered to my spirit ear.*

“Child of matter—child of spirit
Weeping in the mellow moonlight,
You who weep and long to know Me,—
Go and seek Me, go and seek Me
Where My holy laws are written.
O you know not how I love you—
How I love you, how I love you!
Come and seek Me, come and seek Me
Where My voice is heard forever.
Lo, I never yet have spoken
With a voice and tongue and language
As men speak among each other,—
For I have no tongue nor language
And I speak not, never—never
But in acts and laws and silence!
Should you ask if I have spoken
In the ages that are ended,
I would answer, I would answer:
Yea, My silent voice has sounded
And My sacred volume open
Ever was and ever will be!
Should you ask Me who can hear Me,
I should answer, I should answer:
He who thinks and cares to reason
Of the holy things around him—
He shall hear the Voice of Silence
And be guided upward, upward
By the tongueless Voice of Nature!
Would you ask Me, would you ask Me
Who may read the open volume
Wherein all My laws are written,
I should answer, I should answer:
He may read who cares to read it—
All is free to him who seeks it!
Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—
For I love you—O, I love you!—

On the starry sky is written
Countless pages of My volume ;
In the desert—in the ocean ;
In the forest, on the prairie ;
In the bowels of the mountains—
Everywhere spread out before you
Lies My truth unlocked for all !
There is nought but has upon it
Prints from My creative fingers—
There is nought but has within it
Truth to lead you upward to Me !

*So the Holy Heart of All
Answered to my spirit call ;
But as yet unsatisfied
Then my soul looked up and cried :
“Thou that loveth me so well
Tell me where Thy Soul doth dwell—
For I would that I could be
Ever in commune with Thee !”
And the Spirit answer gave
In the glimmer of the wave ;
And the twinkle of a star
Sang the echo from afar :*

“Mighty space is endless, endless—
If not so, what lies beyond it?
Can the eye of man e'er measure
That which has no bound nor limit—
That which ends not never, never,
Stretching off in all directions
Boundless—boundless, never ending?
Ah, no eye can ever pierce it
And no mind conceive its limit.
Here Ahmiina,—son Ahmiina,
Here dwell I, the Silent Spirit,

From whom all things have proceeded.
Ask Me not where ye shall find Me—
Rather ask Me where I am not!
Then Ahmiina, I should answer:
There is not that where I am not—
For I dwell in All forever—
Yea, I fill the All forever!"

*When the Spirit hushed its whisper
In the silent night,
And I only heard the murmur
Of the zephyrs light,
Then my soul arose and cried:
"O Thou All Entwapping Essence
From which all things came,
Tell—O tell me, I beseech Thee,
What may be Thy name?"*

*And I heard the sound of laughter
Mingled with a sigh,
Like the rustle of dead grasses
When the winds rush by.
O, my spirit shook and trembled
And I shrank within a shadow
Being sore afraid,
But the Spirit gave me answer—
This is what He said :*

"You who ask Me what My name is—
Ask Me what My proper name is,
I will answer with a question:
What are names for, O Ahmiina,
That you think perhaps I bear one?
Are not names but to distinguish
And know one thing from another?—
Since the earth has one moon only

Then no proper name is needed;
 Since one sky and one sky only
 Wraps the world in tints of azure,
 It no proper name is given,
 Now, you know the heathen people
 Worship Me as many beings—
 Hence they must have names to call them
 To distinguish one from others.
 But I tell you—son Ahmiina,
 That no name have I or will have!
 I am All—the One—the Real,
 Pure Perfection, in whom dwelleth
 All that was or is or will be!
 By My works shall all things know Me—
 But My name no being knoweth!
 Lo, I only am the Ruler
 And the Source of All forever!"

*So the All Containing Soul—
 In whose Being all things roll,—
 So His silent Spirit spake
 Where the withered rushes shake.
 And I wondering, turned away
 As the coming king of day
 Bade the gleaming queen of night
 Hide behind the mountain hight.*

*And I sat in the glooms of my cave—
 All alone in the glooms of my cave
 When a tempest rushed down the ravine
 And awoke the mad demons of night.
 I was sad and I said to my soul:
 "O my soul, I am lonely and sad
 And the tempest destroyeth my thoughts!
 O my soul, seek communion with Soul
 And interpret His whispers to me!"
 So my soul turned away with a smile*

*And she whispered soft into the gloom :
"O Thou holy One dwelling in All,
We would seek sweet communion with Thee !"
And a sound like the sigh of the wind
Then arose in the glooms of my cave,
And the tones of a musical Voice
Speaking unto my soul and to me :*

"O My children, darling children
Come and hold communion with Me ;
Open now your eyes and see Me ;
Open now your ears and hear Me ;
Open now your minds and know Me
For My Soul dwells ever with you—
Ever in and all around you !
He that truly dwelleth in Me
And in whom I find a dwelling,—
He shall never know an ending
But may wander, but may wander
Through My wide domain forever ;
And My Spirit shall be with him
Even where so e'er he goeth !
Come My children, come and seek Me
That you grow like unto Me—
He that loves Me—he that loves Me—
He that likes to hold communion
With My Soul and with My nature,—
He shall grow like unto Me !
He that loves Me shall be like Me
For association changeth
Much your minds and thoughts and feelings !
O the man whose friends are evil—
How can he be pure and holy ?
Think not you can hide your evil
From the Awful Eye which seeth
All that is and was and will be—

For that Sleepless Soul is in you.
Know you not your thoughts and actions
And your words and inmost feelings,
As the waves upon the ocean
Travel from you toward the shore?
But this ocean knows no ending—
Knows no surface, bed nor beach;
And the waves upon this ocean—
Ah, they travel ever more!

* * * * *

“Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—
Give, and unto you is given.
He that loves is paid in loving
Kindness and affection truly;
He that hates is paid in stony
Coins of hatefulness and sorrow!
Give, and unto you is given;
Take, and from you shall be taken;
Lend, and to you shall be lend—
Kindness give to every creature
And all things are kind to you.
Smile, and all the world is smiling;
Weep, and all the world is weeping.
Give and take rings through all nature—
'Tis a mighty, mighty law—
Lo, the law of COMPENSATION!

* * * * *

“Should you ask Me whence I started,
I, the Holy Soul and Essence,
Of all things that were or will be,
I would answer, I would answer:
Never have I had beginning,
Never will I have an ending—

I am alway and eternal!
Lo, I came not, neither go I,
But I was, I am; I will be!
I am alway the Perfection,
The Unchangeable Almighty!
And My Selfhood—and My Selfhood
Is the Mystery of Mysteries—
Is forever and forever
Inconceivable and silent!—
Ye may know Me from My actions—
But My Being, but My Selfhood
Is inscrutable forever
And immutable forever!
Should you ask whence started matter
And whence cometh all creation—
All the suns and twinkling planets;
All the nebulae and comets;
All the changing constellations
And the mighty maze of bodies
Moving through the endless ethers;
I would answer, I would answer:
All this emanated from Me—
Is a manifestation of Me—
Is a part and portion of Me—
Was and is and ever will be!
I am All, containing all things
Through the everlasting cycles!
I am Soul enwrapping all things—
Permeating cosmos ever;
And I tell you, and I tell you—
When your spirit eyes are opened
You shall see that matter is not:
All is Soul—for All is of Me—
Real, holy and eternal!

* * * *

“When you look upon the moonbeams

Dancing in the verdant valleys;
 Dancing o'er the rolling prairies;
 Raining o'er the mighty mountains;
 Playing o'er the lakes and rivers;
 There you see Me—there you see Me—
 Yet you see Me not nor can you!
 Look upon the falling waters
 Wrapt in veils of swaying vapor;
 Hear them falling down the mountain—
 Falling, calling—calling, laughing;
 There you hear Me—there you hear Me—
 Yet you hear Me not nor can you!
 You may find Me—you may find Me
 In the bud and bloom of flowers;
 In the running of cool waters;
 In the nodding of the grasses;
 In the perfume of the lilies;
 In the songs of bird and insect;
 In the roll of hill and mountain;
 In the movements of the planets;
 In the twinkle of the star spheres;
 In the silent sweep of comets—
 O, in all things you may find Me:
 I am Soul, enwrapping all things—
 Permeating cosmos ever!

* * * * ! *

“Le Me tell you—let Me tell you:
 There be none who sin against Me—
 I it is who am unchanging,—
 I it is who am almighty;
 I it is who planned creation—
 I it is who doth control it!
 And I tell you, and I tell you
 There be none who sin against Me!
 All the works of sin and evil
 Harm Me not nor ever can they!

But the workers of the evil
They—ah, they alone will suffer—
For they sink their spirits deeper
And yet deeper, and yet deeper,
Till at last they lose their selfhood
And their individual beings.
Good acts serve to strengthen selfhood:
Holiness and purity, these
Are the showers, dew and sunshine
To the germs of soul within you;
But the soul that doeth evil
Taketh from its life and being.
And that soul shall sink forever
In unconsciousness of selfhood
To the Holy Heart that gave it!
'Tis addition and subtraction—
Though you add or take away
Still the Sum is never altered!

* * * *

“Would you truly be acquainted
With the character of any,
You should take them as a study—
Notice all their works and actions.
Would you wish to know them truly
Learn the working of their minds!
From the works they leave around them
You can judge and know them truly—
If their minds are full of evil
Then their works are evil also;
If their minds are pure and holy
Then their works are holy also!
Thought must always precede action
And the thought is as the mind is,—
Hence, ill comes not from a pure man
Nor from evil comes a pure thing!

Would you truly be acquainted
With My mind and with it truly,—
Look about you—look and reason:
All that is I have created
Of My Substance, of My Being;
And if these My works are evil
Then must I their Source be evil!
For I tell you, for I tell you—
As the work is, so the mind is—
Thought must always precede action
And the thought is as the mind is!
But remember—but remember—
If you judge Me by creation
Many things will rise before you
That may seem like sin and evil;
But, if you will well examine—
All things fill a perfect plan!
O believe Me, darling children,
For I love you, yes, I love you!

* * * *

“Should you ask Me if I punish
Those who break My laws,—My children
I should answer, I should answer:
There is nothing in all nature
That is punishment intended.
Pain and trouble comes upon you
Not to punish, but remind you
That My laws are being broken;
And the greater be the trespass
On these holy laws of nature,
In proportion then the pain is.
Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—
For a wilful act of evil
Pain or trouble comes upon you
As a recompense or payment;

But, if you unwilful trespass
 On these holy laws of nature,
 Pain or trouble comes upon you
 Not to punish but remind you
 That My laws are being broken.

Too much pain destroys the feeling—
 Watch them lest you suffer often
 And your nerves forget to tell you,
 And you lose the good reminder,
 And you keep on breaking—breaking
 Laws that were to help you higher;
 And at last your soul goes sinking
 Downward and you lose your being.
 But, My little children, listen—
 Though I punish not nor will I,
 Yet you make My kind reminder
 Be so stern it seems to punish;
 For, the greater be the trespass
 So the sterner the reminder.

* * * * *

*So the tones of that musical voice
 Spake unto my soul and to me;
 And I know now that musical voice
 Was the voice of the Ruler of All!*

*So has our lord Ahmiina wrote the songs
 Or sacred hymns he heard the Spirit sing
 Through all His mighty works; and then he sank
 Upon his pillow and his spirit fled
 Away in glad delight, to dwell in that
 Unknown abode where is the Holy Heart.
 His ashes now are in a golden box
 Adorned with priceless jewels, in a court*

*Of Kwatzuico the holy temple, in
The city of Oahlii in the vale
Of Tchintupec,—according to his wish.*

*I, O reader—Tchina Kiida,—
I, Ahmiina's loved disciple,
I will here append some details
That his teaching may be plainer.*

I

From the mystic sea of Spirit
Is all else an emanation—
You and I, the earth and planets,
Moon and sun, and all creation—
These were all evolved from Spirit
And are ever more a portion
Of that all enwrapping Real.

Let me tell you, let me tell you :
There is truly evolution,
Likewise there is devolution.
Evolution groweth selfhood :
From the One and Single Selfhood
Is evolved the myriad beings.
There are laws that tend to raise you
From unconsciousness of being
Into true and real selfhood ;
These are what we call the good things.
But again are other forces,
Acts and passions, base desires,
Which are ever tending downward
From the consciousness of being
Into final loss of selfhood,
And absorption by the Spirit
From which all at first had started ;

These are what we term as evil—
Not to God, but to His creatures!

He whose soul is climbing higher
In the stage of conscious being,
He has longings to be better;
And to him 'tis far more easy
To do good things than do evil.
But to him whose soul is sinking
Backward to the dark oblivion
Evil is the stronger power—
He is mastered by his passions
And his selfish wants and feelings.

O my brothers, O my brothers,—
Look now in your hearts and feelings
And there learn if you are rising
To the consciousness of selfhood;
Or if you are slowly sinking
To the loss of soul and selfhood.
O, return my brother, turn you—
Once you lose your soul and being
It is lost forever,—ever!

II

He whose heart is full of sin,
Sorrow, trouble, evil, woe,—
How may he be brought to buy
Purity and peace and joy?
Only he can purchase these
Who desires them in his heart.
You and I can never raise
Any from the lower plane—
They must raise themselves above

Sorrow, trouble, evil, woe !
We may show them where they stand
And explain a higher plane,
But each one must for himself
Overcome his enemies!

. III

Hold a harp within your hand
Tuned in harmony with mine;
Strike a cord upon your harp—
Mine will answer to that chord!
He whose soul is tuned to sin
Lieth in an awful thrall,
For his soul vibrates to all
Other souls that are in sin.
Would you ask me how they may
Rise above the power of sin?
Only he can purchase peace
Who desires it in his heart!
We may show them where they stand
And explain a higher plane,
But each one must for himself
Tune his heart to love, and so
Overcome his enemies!
He whose heart is tuned to love,
Purity and holiness,
He will vibrate with those hearts
In the states of radiance!
He will sound in unison
With the Holy Heart of All!
So, O soul, it is with us—
Are we tuned to truth or sin?
O remember loving friend
When you read these truths divine,
We help exercise a power
Over all the hearts of men—
Do we vibrate good or ill?

IV

We have reason to believe
There are sounds to loud and deep
For the human ear to hear:
Think of all the countless worlds—
Planets, suns and nebulae,
Moving with tremendous speed
Through the endless sea of space!
Do the ethers not vibrate
From the motions of the spheres?
Ah, what music! Ah, what songs
Ever sing the starry host!
Earth joins in the harmony,
With her voice of praise and peace,
To the Universal Heart
From which all things emanate!

We have reason to believe
There are sounds too low and soft
For the human ear to hear:
Spirit voices from the realm
Where sweet music ever floats;
Where a symphony of bliss
Through the ether pulses soft—
Praise and glory—chants of peace
To the Holy Heart of All
Whence all things do emanate!
Think of how the atoms small
In their minute orbits sweep;
And the wave that bears the light
From the golden King of Day—
Do the ethers not vibrate?
Who can say but spirit ears
Are sufficiently acute
They may hear the atoms small
In their minute orbits sweep?

Who can say but spirit ears
Are sufficiently acute
They may hear the waves of light
Falling from the golden sun?

V

O my brother!—have you thought
Every motion, thought or word,—
Good or bad, and great or small
Makes an impulse which is felt
Through the endless Universe?
O my brother!—have you thought
These impulses have effect
Good or bad forever more?
Is an impulse which is felt
Through the endless universe?

VI

As the sensitive can tell
What is passing silently
In some other person's mind—
As our thought impressions flow
From us to the sensitive,
Then may not impressions flow
From the All Enwrapping Mind
To the minds of us below?
Ah, my brother! here is that
I would have you dwell upon.

VII

He who holds the will is free—
He within his heart rebels!
There is One Will only free—
'Tis the Mighty Will of All!
All the other wills are bound
By the chains of circumstance.
It is not for me to say

I am free to do my will!
He who places all his trust
In the Holy Will of All—
He whose heart and mind is pure
He indeed is free to do
What so e'er he wills to do!
For the tide of circumstance
In the end works for the best.

VIII

He who prays indeed rebels
For he knoweth not the best.
Not for me to bend the knee
And implore the Holy Heart!
Better far to put your trust—
An implicit love and trust
In the Holy Heart of All:
Knowing all must needs to be
Working to His holy plan!
Not for me to bend the knee
And implore the Holy Heart—
Let me trust undoubtingly
That great alcontaining Soul
Of which I am but a part—
But a minute practice!
We were never given tongues
With which to explain to Him
How His plan must be fulfilled;
For, you honor Him the more
If you have in Him—the Soul,
An implicit confidence
And undoubting love and trust!
Should the vapors rise and say
Where the wind should carry it?
Then I fear some parts of earth
Oft would thirst for dew and rain.

Let me only bend the knee—
Not to suplicate nor pray—
But to pour my hearty thanks
Unto Him who is the All
And the Soul and Heart of All !

IX

He who thinks forgiveness
Takes away all pain,
Let him watch and ponder
When he errs again.

O, Thou Ever Present,
Will men never learn
That Thy perfect justice
Gives men all they earn?

If men plow and scatter
Seeds of evil, lust,—
Sorrow, pain and trouble
Springeth from the dust.

O, my erring brothers,
Life is like a field:
What you plant within it—
That the earth will yield.

Sow the seeds of kindness,
Love and holiness,
And the crop shall ripen
Richer than you guess!

But, O dearest brother,
If the seeds you sow
Be selfishness and evil,
You shall reap of woe.

Justice, holy justice,
Ever must be stern,—
Changes not for any,
Gives men what they earn.

Put your hand in fire
Then kneel down and pray—
Will repentance save you,—
Take the pain away?

In the field of being
Sow contention, tears;
You shall reap contention
Through the coming years!

O, remember brother,
Repentance changeth not
That the earth produces
For the sowers lot.

Though repentance changeth
Not the ills of life,
Yet it helps you bear them
Through the after strife.

Yes, it makes you stronger,
Gives a better will;
And if used correctly
Helps you bear your ill.

Hear the Spirit whisper :
"If you wrong another,
Go and ask his pardon—
Be indeed his brother.

"Nature too forgives you
When you make amends
By taking better care of
The good gifts she sends."

X.

Memory is that that keeps
Silent record of all things
In the mystic halls of brain.
All you see or hear or think,
All you do or say or wish
On your memory is wrote ;—
In proportion to their strength
In your character they act.
Recollection is the act
Of the consciousness to read
From the page of memory.
Some declare that memory
Keepeth record of all things,—
What if you could recollect
All that you had seen or heard,
Done or wished or thought or said?
What if all this could arise,
Would the good predominate
Or the evil things be more?
Ah, remember everything
In proportion to its strength
On your character will act.
Soft the zephyr passes o'er
Walls of marble, granite, brick;
Soft the particles of mist
Beat upon a palace wall.
O my my brother, soft they beat
But they slowly wear away
Proudest monuments of man!
In your memory there are
Many prints so delicate
Recollection tries in vain
That your consciousness should read;
But,—O brother, they have past—
Though unconsciously to you—

In the growth or death of soul.
And, remember—do not think
That because you cannot read
What is graved on memory
It is safe from every eye—
There is One—the Mighty Mind,
He beholds and knows it all.
Does He judge you?—no indeed!
Though that Silent Soul may know
All within that judgment book,
Yet He judges not nor will
For He knows you judge yourself
In each word and thought and act!

XI

O the beauty of the earth
Robed in colors rich and fair,—
Waving greens, a thousand shades
'Neath the changing blue above.
See the dew drop like a gem
Glitters in the morning sun,
Mocks the star that fades away
In the crown of dying night.
But the blind man cannot see
Nor can understand the talk
Of his comrade, who enjoys
Visions of green fields and woods;
Beds of flowers; graceful forms;
Skies where glitter in the night
Endless sweeps of silent stars—
Stars a million times as great
As this little world of ours.
Though the blind man cannot see,
They exist and are indeed.

O the man who never heard

Music, music soft and sweet!
He whose ears are dead to sound
Knoweth not the mystic touch
Of sweet music's harmony.
Though the deaf man cannot hear,—
Though he cannot understand,—
Sounds exist and are indeed.

O my brother, there are those
Who can see and hear and feel
Things 'twere vain for you and I
In our present state to wish
We may ever know or feel.
Yet I ask you is it well
We should doubt and laugh at him
Who declares that he can see
Things we cannot hope to see?—
Who declares that he can hear
Things we cannot hope to hear?

XII

Yesterday I heard a voice
Saying sadly, saying soft:
"Is there an eternity?—
Was there never once a time
When there was not anything—
Will there never come a time
When the nothing swallows all?"
O, that poor deluded soul
Building fear on nothingness!
Now is the eternity—
Ever was it, e'er will be.
Ah, my brother, if you build
On the now that never is—
On the present which is not,
Then your dreams are all in vain.

Present is not, never was—
All is future or is past. .
Now, is but the line where meets
An eternal future, past;
There is not a mind so great
Truly can conceive of *Now*.—
Ah, my brother, time is not
But the roll of earth in space;
Past and future always are
But the present never is.
Build not on the flying line
Where the future meets the past,—
'Tis delusion, all a dream,
Only *is* eternity—
Everlasting evermore.

XIII

O my Father, I would join
In the chorus of the spheres—
I would add my feeble voice
In a chant of praise to Thee!
Not that I suppose Thou need'st
Praise or glory, songs or thanks;
Not that I suppose it right
As may duty so to sing—
For no duty do I owe
Him who made me that I might
Fill a place among His plans.
But I feel that I *must* sing
Being full of love and Thee;
And my happy heart looks up
In an ecstasy of joy!

HYMN TO SOUL.

Soul!—O Thou sublime Eternal!—
Thou who knoweth not of ending
Nor beginning nor of limits
Nor of times nor measured cycles!
Thou!—the Perfect in Perfection—
Mystic, holy, all enwrapping.
O we praise Thee!—O we praise Thee!
Sing, O sons of men and praise Him!
Sing, O green things, sing and praise Him!
Sing, O waters, sing and praise Him!
Sing, O world,—O sing and praise Him
In whose Soul thou art revolving—
In whose Being is thy being—
Of whose very Soul and Essence
Art thou—art thou everlasting!
Thou alone, O Soul hast Being!
Thou alone indeed art Real!—
O, unsearchable Almighty
Let us praise Thee—let us praise Thee!

THOU ALL!

Endless praises—endless praises
Sing the spheres that sweep the skies—
Endless praises—endless praises
Must forever more arise!
Suns and planets, moons and comets
In their awful orbits move—
Singing, singing, ever singing:
“We obey the law of Love!”
Bend your ear O yearning brother—
Listen to the singing grass;
'Tis the song all men are seeking
But they do not hear—alas!

“We obey the One Perfection—
Know no life but One forever!
Changing, changing, still advancing
Yet we reach the Perfect—never!
Laugh!—O sunbeam, glorious, golden,
Dancing where you flit and fall!—
Laugh! ye rocks among the mountains
For you are a part of All!
Lichens, mosses, grasses, insects,
Animals and men aspire
For the stages yet beyond them—
For a being that is higher.
Upward, upward, never ending,

Working out the Plan of life—
To the eye that understands not
Seeming like an endless strife!
All is unison and patience—
'Tis the working of the God!
All enwrapping Soul of wonder
We adore Thee from the sod!"

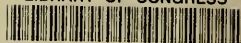
Would you ask for joy and pleasure
You must learn to sacrifice—
There is nothing in creation
You may scorn or dare dispise!
All is love—one love and family
And Soul the Parent true—
What He bids, O listning brother—
What He asks of you—do!
Holy Soul in silence dwelling,
Thou whom we adore—
Endless praises ever to Thee
Sound forever more!
Solids, liquids, gasses, spirits,
Sacrifice themselves to Thee!
O, Thou mighty Allcontaining
Endless may Thy praises be!

Where the lonely forest stretches
In the wild, primeval manner—
Over mountains rough and rocky,
Over notches and deep valleys,
There I love to seek and know Thee
O Thou mystic, holy Real!
Where the fern frond waving, waving
Catches at its laughing shadow,
There I meet Thy brooding Spirit
O Thou Source and Soul of All!

O glory, glory, glory be
To Thee, Thou Holy Heart of All!
And let creation worship Thee—
For Thou art holiest of all!



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